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“Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.”—
Abraham Lincoln.

George H. Bartlett

George H. Bartlett came to America in 1870 with no idea of remaining here, and in 1871 visited Boston, where he chanced to read in a newspaper an advertisement for a principal of the evening drawing schools of the city, and also for an assistant. More by way of a joke than with any expectation of success, he sent in his application for the position, though he was an absolute stranger to all concerned. Much to his astonishment, in a few days he was elected as principal of the evening drawing schools, a position he held for thirty-six consecutive years, until he resigned in 1908.

Soon after his election the South Boston School of Art was opened, and he was appointed principal of that school in 1872, winning in the competition for the place. And then in 1873, when John Philbrick was chairman of the newly-organized Board of Visitors of the Normal Art School, Mr. Bartlett was asked to accept the position of first instructor in the school, no competition being invited. As instructor he taught for ten years, and then became principal of the school, where we rejoice that he still is its wise and strong leader in the development of pure and applied art.

Mr. Bartlett owes his rare success as teacher to the thorough academic training he received in England, studying, drawing, and painting in many different schools and academies, both in his own country and in France, and giving especial attention to drawing on wood and stone, whereby he has been enabled to train large numbers of young men in the applied arts.

Mr. Bartlett has always said that whatever measure of success he may have attained was largely due to the influence of his mother upon his life. She was a woman of remarkable energy, discretion, justice, and mercy. Her house itself was called “The House of Mercy,” and at her funeral fully 5,000 people came as mourners, for “Mrs. Bartlett, of London”; so widely was she known for her deeds of goodness, that she bore among all those who knew her or knew of her this simple, expressive designation. Her Bible class averaged from 1,000 to 1,200 in attendance, and many of its members became ministers. Her family bore close kinship to Agnes Strickland, author of the series of histories called “Queens of England,” books that still are considered of large historical

“He that cannot think is a fool, he that will not is a bigot, he that dare not is a slave.”

value. Samuel Rogers, the poet-banker, was also another near relative, for whom one of the younger generation of Bartletts was named. Mr. Bartlett's father had a large printing establishment, and as among his cousins he numbered famous illustrators and inventors, it is easy to see how the principal of our Normal Art School obtained his love for the printing arts.

The Bridge of Memory

Otis A. Philbrick.

The doctor smiled as Hal inflated his bare chest, then frowned, after putting the black rubber ends of the stethoscope to his ears. Hal watched him anxiously, watched the steady tap of the knuckles against his chest—down, across, and up again. Taking the instrument from his ears, the doctor reached down a book and hurriedly flipped the pages. Then he sat down before Hal again.

To Hal, the steady, insistent rapping of the doctor's knuckles against his chest was like the hollow dropping of leaden pellets into water. The four walls of the office seemed uncomfortably close. The doctor straightened up.

“How is it?” appealed Hal.

“What do you do?” parried the doctor.

“I paint. How is it?”

The doctor stroked his beard. Then he met Hal's eyes frankly. “It may come in six months. It may come to-morrow. There is nothing I nor anybody can do. I would advise you to have everything ready—friends, relatives, family. Understand?”

Hal nodded dumbly. The words came to him as from a great distance. He knew that it had been bad, but this! The air in the office was stifling. He thrust on his coat and rushed out into the street. He wandered aimlessly about. A picture in the window of a periodical store caught his eye. It was a magazine cover—a man on snowshoes. It was not wonderfully well drawn, but the artist had caught something of the tang and freedom of the wild. The clear-eyed glance, the spray of blue-white snow kicked up by the shoe, and the blue line of woods in the distance moved Hal strangely. It seemed to him that if he could get out there, away from the looming buildings, the jostling crowds, and the hot asphalt, he could forget the flutter of his diseased heart. He turned and walked hurriedly toward the station.

“We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labor.”

Entering, he went to the telegram booth, then to the ticket window. “Montreal,” he directed.

“Round trip?”

“No. One way.”

* * * * *

“Stanton? Hal Stanton? Why, yes, I do,” answered the burly trader, wonderingly studying the girl before him.

“Jean,” he called, leaning over the rude counter, “where’s Hal?”

One of a group of men in the corner—a lithe French Canadian, with a glaring red sash—looked up from the broken paddle on his knee. “Zee reevaire,” he said shortly. “Back queek.”

The trader turned to the girl again. She was young and fair, but the burning flush of fever had left its wan mark on her cheek. He straightened a mink skin on the pile beside him. “He’ll be here soon. You can wait if you want to.” He watched her curiously for a moment. “You’ve heard how he is, I suppose?” he asked hesitatingly.

The girl gave him a startled, searching glance. “I have heard nothing. I have been ill. Isn’t he well?” She made a pretty gesture of anxious dismay.

“Well, it’s this way. He came here about three years ago. Two nights after, Andy there picked him up out there in the snow. When we brought him to his mind was a blank. We could tell him his name because he had told us that much before, but who he was, what he was, and where he came from, we could never find out.”

“But won’t he know me?”

“That’s him coming up the trail now. You can go and meet him.”

As she turned eagerly, the trader caught her arm. “Wait!” he commanded, “you’re his sister, ain’t you?”

The girl blushed. “Why, no,” she stammered, “I’m his—his—my name is Leslie, Mary Leslie.”

“Then I wouldn’t——,” but he dropped his hand and turned away.

The girl hurried out of the low door. The trader stood looking after her, muttering to himself.

“Look there!” cried one of the watching group, dramatically pointing with a lean, brown hand.

Following his gaze, the men saw, standing by the gatepost, an Indian girl of willowy, supple form and wild, indefinable beauty. On either side, each clinging to a tightly-clinched brown hand, was a child, with brown hair and light blue eyes that came not of its mother. She

“Do not turn the good resolutions of January into the by-laws of February.”

was leaning eagerly forward, and watching the two rapidly-nearing figures.

The trader shook his head sadly. “I’m afraid there’ll be a rumpus,” he muttered. “I tried to stop her, but I couldn’t—not with those eyes.”

He leaned forward. “There! They’ve met,” he announced. “Wait, I’ll get the glass. . . . No, he doesn’t know her, I guess. She’s showing him something—I can’t make it out. He looks queer, like he did the night he drew Francois’ picture on the door with the charcoal. He has dropped the bundle—clutching her arm—one hand over his forehead as though it hurt. His face! My God! His face! . . . I can’t see, the glass is all misty. . . . There, he’s got her in his arms now, and—I guess I won’t look any more.” As he lowered the glass, there was a suspicious glistening in his eyes.

With bated breath the men watched the happy, chattering couple come up the path. They caught the tinkle of a laugh. The tense, ominous figure waited by the gatepost.

“Lord help him,” muttered the trader, nervously gnawing his mustache.

“And her,” added one of the men.

“By Gar!” broke out a chattering Frenchman, “dat Hal, dey poole hees haire. I know—Sacré!—my Jeanette, she——”

“Hush your damn nonsense, man,” whispered a companion, turning on him fiercely.

The girl and the man had almost reached the door, when a lithe brown figure barred the way. A quivering, searching finger was outstretched toward the white girl, and black eyes peered into blue.

“You?” she questioned, and again, “You?”

The men saw the white girl shrink back.

“Who is she, Hal? She frightens me.”

“Some half-breed’s squaw, probably,” they heard him answer reassuringly. “Rather pretty, though.”

And they circled past, leaving the haughty figure staring after.

“What’s the nearest way home, Billy?” cried Hal joyously, as they entered.

The trader drew him silently to the window, and pointed down the row of cabins to where one, more neat in appearance, stood apart from the others. “There’s your home, man,” he said sternly, “and there’s where you’re going to stay.”

"The march of intellect shall never halt."

Hal's laugh died away as he looked into the trader's face and then at the tense, staring men.

The trader nodded toward the Indian girl in the doorway.

"What is she to me?" asked Hal. "Speak, man!"

From far out on the lake came the silly laugh of a loon.

"She is your wife, Hal," answered the trader softly.

The white girl's fingers clutched convulsively on Hal's arm.

He clasped the tense hand and turned to the trader. "No," he protested, "no. *She* is to be my wife."

The trader shook his head and drew him sadly, but firmly, away.

Hal gazed about in a daze; at the gaping men; at the trembling girl beside him; at the serious-faced trader; and last, at the ominous figure in the doorway, with the children clutching at her skirt. Then a wild, haunting fear seized him.

"And those," he cried, pointing at the children, "are they mine?"

The trader nodded grimly.

Hal stood a moment as one transfixed. Then, stretching his hands above his head, he cried out in bitter blasphemy: "And then they say there is a God up there!"

He burst into a wild, despairing shriek of maniacal laughter, and crumpled into a heap on the floor, the laughter dying with a rasping gurgle in his throat.

Quicker than the frightened step of the white girl or the startled leaping of the men was a lithe figure that darted in between and knelt by the prostrate man.

The white girl drew back, the room seemed to swirl and sink away from her, and then she, too, was wrapped about in utter darkness.

The next she knew, the clumsy trader was bathing her forehead. From somewhere came the low murmur of voices. She raised up on her elbow. The trader tried to restrain her, but was too late.

Over in the corner, with his head pillowed in the Indian girl's lap, was Hal. He was fondling the two children.

"Hal!" she cried piteously, "Hal!"

Hal raised his head, gazed curiously at her, and turned again to the children.

"There, there," murmured the trader softly, "I wouldn't take on so. Come, my wife will care for you."

And he led her gently away.

“What is a weed? A plant whose virtues have not been discovered.”

The Gift

God wished the world a kingly gift.

He weighed well of His store:

 The deep-sea pearls were fair to see,
 Like angels' tears they gleamingly
Rained through His fingers to the floor.

He shook his head: “They have all wealth,
Though having, know it not;

 For all that earth and sea can yield,
 By fertile brain of man revealed,
Is theirs—to seek or leave unsought.”

God took a city in His hand,
A thing of white and gold,

 With battlements and gleaming towers,
 And velvet slopes of grass and flowers,
With fountains tinkling clear and cold.

He shook his head. “Beauty,” said He,
“Is but a passing show.

 The rose fades ere the day is done,
 The crimson west dies when the sun
Dips gently down to realms below.”

God took a key and looked it o'er,
Strong iron of weighty mould,—

 The key to power and lordly sway,—
 The thing men die for by the way,—
So hard to get, so hard to hold.

Again He laid it slowly by,
And smiled in tender love.

 “Men are but babes,” He said, “they cry
 For what is vain—they know not why,—
This is not theirs—'tis God's above.”

God took a man with kingly soul,
One filled with love divine:

 A man of fire and gentleness,
 A rock of strength in times of stress,
A man he was—from heaven a sign.

“The power of being quiet carries a man through moments of embarrassments.”

And then God gave him to the world,
A royal gift, so brave and true—
For wealth we have, and beauties go,
And power is God's, but this we know,
That manly men are all too few.
And he, this human that we love,
Lincoln, our country's heart,
Will live to us as God's best gift,—
The man who gave his life to lift
And rend the bondage-chains in part.

Eglantine C. Nutting. '12.

Junior Prom

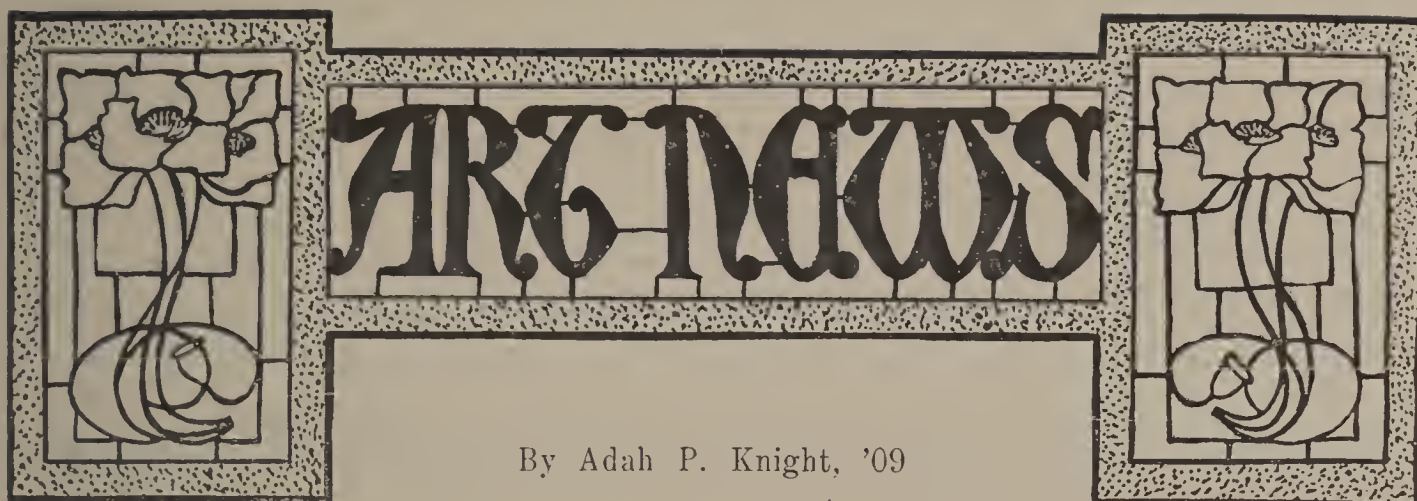
The interior of Howe Hall has rarely had such a pretty setting and enjoyable party as was given by the class of 1910 on Thursday, February 4. The affair was one long looked forward to by the Junior class and the student body at large. During the early part of the evening the following matrons assisted in the receiving of the 150 classmates and friends: Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Mrs. Eastman C. Peck, and Mrs. Frank E. Webber.

One of the enjoyable features was the pink dance, in which the ladies chose their partners by finding the gentleman who had the corresponding pink, each flower having a number. The event was a great success, socially and financially. The committee in charge were the following: Floor director, Aldro T. Hibbard; aids, Morley D. Cameron, John I. Howard; dance committee, Misses Mary E. Derby, A. Lulu Hall, Ruth B. Webber, Morley D. Cameron, Aldro T. Hibbard; decoration committee, Misses Ruth W. Peck, Edith M. Folkins, Laura D. Amsden

“Measure your mind's height by the shades it casts.”

“Look twice to see accurately.”

“A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.”



By Adah P. Knight, '09

Representatives of the state board of education favored a resolve appropriating \$98,000 for an addition to the State Normal Art School in Boston. The present building, they said, will properly accommodate 275 pupils, and now 351 are attending daily sessions alone, and there are evening classes, in addition.

On January 20 there was appointed by the President a national art council to supervise the designing of all federal buildings and their surroundings. The President named a larger number of architects as members of the council than of representatives of the other arts because the number of architectural problems, involving not only buildings, but the selection of sites, treatment of grounds, and landscape accessories, will largely predominate all other questions likely to come before the body. There are twenty architects, and four painters, John La Farge, F. D. Millet, E. H. Blashfield, and Kenyon Cox, while the sculptors are Daniel C. French, Herbert Adams, H. A. McNeil, and K. T. Bitter.

The necessity for such a council in a growing country like ours is very evident. Thousands of dollars are spent every year for government buildings, and the President has rendered great service to the country in securing the service of experts.

In the Philadelphia show there were many prize winners from previous exhibitions, and many new exhibitors among the younger painters.

Boston painters were represented by Tarbell's "Josephine and Mercie" and Mr. Paxton's "String of Pearls." Mr. Benson has some children returning at evening, Mr. Decamp a portrait head. Frank Fairbanks has an excellent interior made with skill and truthfulness and telling in effect. Leslie Thomson, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Chase, and Mr. Woodbury are some of the names in the catalogue.

Noyes, Goodwin, Little, and Wendel have landscapes.

Mr. Nordell, a student, shows very promising work.

"Be silent, or say something that is better than silence."

Ernest Major's "Lady Olympia" is one of his best performances, and shows a decorative sense.

The seventy-ninth exhibition of the Boston Art Club opened on February 2 in the club rooms on Dartmouth street, to close on February 27. Students are admitted on showing their fee receipts.

The most famous men represented here are Sargent, Tarbell, Benson, Chase, Kenyon Cox, and La Farge, but among the 128 pictures shown there is a wide field for the students to study. Portraits, still life, landscape, and design are shown, and there is time for us to go again and again to learn from these paintings. Only seeing and thinking about these pictures will give the help necessary to M. N. A. S. boys and girls,—*"Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."*

The chance of the week has been to see DeCamp's portrait of Roosevelt, shown at the Copley Gallery. As a portrait, a representation of the nature, it is so like that the very man seems present. A magnificent painting, one to be proud of, not only for the school's sake, but for Boston's sake and America's sake. Such work has been compared to the Dutch masters, but to us it is more vital, because it is an expression of our own time and nationality.

The boys of the school and the older girls are often seen at the galleries and shows, but where is the remainder of our student body? Many of the 350 students are never seen at an exhibition, so probably have not an idea what these notes are about.

Auguste Rodin has written to a personal friend and former student in this city that he is not coming to this country. The great French sculptor had hoped to; but his recent illness has made the trip unwise. Convalescing, as he is, he is still not wholly recovered.

The Deserted Common

The sun that bathed your graveled walks is caught
By yonder gilded dome—a golden blur
Through interlacing branches; and distant
Windows are like glistening sheets of tin,
Silver-flashing. No loitering footsteps;
Only the hollow clump of hurrying
Feet on boarded walks. Overhead the wind sighs
Through naked branches; and gray tree trunks stand
In sombre sadness—silent, grand, alone.

Otis A. Philbrick, '11.

"The noblest mind the best contentment has."



"Genius," says Edison in his oft-quoted phrase, "is two per cent. inspiration and ninety-eight per cent. perspiration." Most of us, with the exception of a limited few, will agree with the inventor. We have seen in our own studios how the plodding tortoise, if comparisons are not odious, has come out ahead of the hare. Many great men are built of failures. Force of character overcomes all obstacles. Indeed, in the matter of a master, experience is the best teacher. John La Farge and Winslow Homer are practically self-taught artists. They have gone straight to Nature, and finding there the paintings of the greatest Artist, have drawn from His works the truth. If you follow the career of most any successful man, you will find his success consists of hard work, failures, and that most divine gift, unfortunately labeled "sticktoitiveness."

George Washington's birthday so crowds the smallest month's calendar that there is hardly room to think of Lincoln's birthday, and Charles Dickens's, and Longfellow's. How fortunate we are to be students, to have these memorable dates brought to our memories through our school work! Let us not slight this instruction that we are receiving, as later we will be called upon to give our knowledge of these great men to others.

Owing to the great amount of work that Miss Marceau has to prepare for her schools of Medford, where she acts as supervisor of drawing, she is obliged to resign as alumni editor of the CENTRE OF VISION. Edward A. Fox, '08, has been elected to fill the vacancy.

The cover design this month was drawn by Otis A. Philbrick, of Mr. Major's studio.

“Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo.”

ALUMNI NOTES

Laura Marie Marceau, 8 Madison Street, Somerville.

The walls of the lecture hall have looked down upon many a pleasant scene, but never, I dare say, have they beheld a more joyous gathering than that of February 12, when, upon the occasion of Mr. Bartlett's thirty-fifth anniversary of teaching and principalship, we were met to congratulate him. I could not but feel, as I listened to the many fine speeches, that perfect sincerity was the keynote of all. Honor and praise, aye, and praise upon praise, was rendered him, but nothing was overdrawn. Here was no empty oratory, flaunting and flowery eloquence, but simple, earnest statement of truths. Splendid tribute! This happy event will long be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to be able to attend.

Mr. Bartlett's little talk held in it a very helpful thought for the young people present; those who as yet have scarcely begun to mould their destinies. It was: “Master yourself.”

That has been the command of great minds for ages past. In the words of Thomas Browne:—

“Chain up the unruly legion of thy breast. Lead thine own captivity captive, and be Caesar within thyself.”

I had the opportunity of viewing a fine collection of hand work recently. It had been gotten together by the members of the Heptorean Club of Somerville. Loans had been made not only by Somervillians, but by many from surrounding cities who were so kind as to help with the affair.

Arts and crafts! Who has not succumbed to the influence of those mystic words and that for which they stand! But I would a spell might be laid upon certain enterprising Boston merchants who are filling their windows with worthless machine-made articles, labeled: “Ye Olde Time Crafts, 13 cents per.” Said articles being in the nature of belt buckles, hat pins, watch fobs, rings, etc.

The exhibit at the Heptorean Club was most artistically arranged. The fact that one corner of the hall contains a low balcony had been taken advantage of. Here the quaint curtains and hanging brass lanterns transported us to such scenes as described by Crawford in his “Palace of the King.” Our nostrils were filled with the breath of in-

“Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee.”—*Job*.

cense, real temple incense, burning in a bizarre Oriental receptacle. Cabinets contained the smaller, more precious pieces of jewelry. Above them hung dainty miniatures in slender oval frames of gold. On the cabinets were many lighted candles, proudly rising from their beautiful holders, and wearing cunningly-fashioned shades of brass or of silver.

Here hung silken stuffs in graceful folds; there spread dainty laces like so many wonderful cobwebs. Tables bore the heavy brass and copper bowls and trays, and the leather mats. Show cases around the room contained the finer work in gold and solid silver. Some basketry and much embroidery were in evidence, also truly beautifully-decorated china.

Not only things of the present, but much from the past might be seen. One of the latter especially interested me. It was a mat, a very *pièce de résistance* in the midst of the antiquities. In the centre meditated a nice yellow dog, couchant, and on what? Oh! a pavement of orange-red and white tiles. There being no converging lines, the floor might as well have been a marble wall behind the animal. But the dog! I think he must have been intended for a spotted dog, although but one spot was visible. That one was on his haunch, such a perfect even spot of Vandyke brown! The dog was such a mild, well-mannered dog! I marveled that he had preserved his amiable expression for so long a period, when I reflected upon the many, many times his unoffending countenance had been trodden under foot. It is distressing enough to trample down gorgeous bouquets of roses, but a dog!

Possibly the people of those days argued as did Sissy Jupe in “Hard Times,” when, upon being asked by Mr. Gradgrind’s friend if she would carpet her room or her husband’s room (always providing she were a grown woman and had a husband) with representations of flowers, replied: “Yes, because she was fond of flowers.”

“And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?”

“It wouldn’t hurt them, sir. They wouldn’t crush and wither, if you please, sir. They would be pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I might fancy——”

But here Sissy was solemnly forbidden to “fancy.”

I was very happy to see as I looked about that the skill and deftness of the past were linked to the cultivated taste of the present.

It must seem a digression, but I cannot help it! I must set down

“Choose an author as you choose a friend.”

the astounding definition of “taste” as given in that same “Hard Times.” Many a time I have chuckled over it! Like us, Mr. Gradgrind wished an emancipation from realistic representation in decorative art—but in such manner!

“You are to be in all things regulated and governed,” said the gentleman, “by fact. We hope to have, before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. . . . You are not to have, in any object of use or ornament, what would be a contradiction in fact. You don’t walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don’t find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use,” said the gentleman, “for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colors) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste.”

* * * * *

Now, pour revenir à nos moutons and mille pardons for the delay.

Much interest was shown in the work of the blind, a fine collection of which was kindly loaned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Campbell.

I recognized a few of the names of alumni.

Miss Blanche Bradford, '03, assisting Mrs. Thurston at the Somerville High School, exhibited two beautiful silver necklaces.

Miss Mabel Marston, '99, had many pieces of brass, copper, beaten and enameled, pins and necklaces in silver, set with semi-precious stones.

Mr. Hale, of the Boston Museum, exhibited brooches of gold, most exquisitely wrought, and set with precious stones.

School work was also in the exhibit, both high school and grade. It is safe to say that the crafts of the Somerville High School are among the finest produced by high schools in the United States.

The Heptorean Club may pride itself upon having provided a most beautiful and instructive exhibition.

Miss Mabel E. Lowry resigned her position at Swampscott early in the winter because of ill health. Miss Florence Bulfinch, '06, was elected to take her place.

“Do it now.”

Miss Grace E. Hackett and Miss Harriet F. Smith, '98, Massachusetts supervisors of drawing, recently held in Boston an exhibition of their sketches made in Brittany and Kent during the last summer vacation.

Reception to George H. Bartlett

For thirty-five years George H. Bartlett has been connected with the Massachusetts Normal Art School, and twenty-five years has served as principal. To make the completion of this long term of service a notable occasion, the alumni of the school arranged a reception for Friday evening, February 12, and the exhibition hall was thronged with invited guests from far and near, hundreds of students, as well as graduates, who planned the affair under the direction of Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, chairman of the board of visitors.

That Mr. Bartlett might have constant evidence in his home of the affection in which his pupils, past and present, hold him, several gifts were presented. From the alumni came a large silver loving cup, not only gold-lined, but containing a purse of gold coin. This was given the principal after an appropriate speech by Charles W. Furlong, president of the Alumni Association. The gift from the student body was a double German student reading lamp, presented by Harry W. Jacobs, president of the Senior class. Still another was a tribute engrossed on parchment and signed by all the teachers of the school. George A. Jepson, of the faculty, was selected for reading this part of the programme.

Mr. Bartlett responded happily to all the kind things that these friends said of him. Mrs. Wells introduced the speakers, among whom were Thomas B. Fitzpatrick and C. Howard Walker, Judge Sands and John M. Carter, of the trustees, and J. Frederick Hopkins, principal, all from the Maryland Art Institute of Baltimore, Md. which has had three successive principals from Mr. Bartlett's school. Miss Georgie Leighton Norton brought from Cleveland, O., the congratulations of the art school, of which she is dean.

More than 100 letters of regret were received from all over the country, including communications from Governor Draper, Lieutenant-Governor Frothingham, and Mayor Hibbard.

SCHOOL NOTES

L'Envoi

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

When Cue's first picture is painted, and Sawin is twisted and dried,
When our hands are clutching diplomas, and Tuttle's attempt is "skyed,"
We shall work—good heavens!—we shall have to, sweat for a dollar
or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen shall tell us there's no more to do.
And those who are good shall be highest, they shall cling to a building's
side,
And slash at a ten-foot bill-board with brushes a half-foot wide!
We shall have live subjects to draw from—Sapolio, Spearmint, and
White,
And work all day at a sitting, and be as tired as blazes at night!
And there'll be no master to praise us, but all the whole public to blame,
And we all shall work for money, and we all shall try for fame;
Each for the dollars that it brings him, and each in his favorite way,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it, for there'll be no one to say him nay.

Otis A. Philbrick.

1909

Mr. Fox's reputation as a jester is on the wane. He has been effectively squelched twice in one day by Miss B——.

Priscilla: "Why don't you use your little pail, Miss Mendum?"

Miss M——: "There are leaks in it."

Helen: "Can't you mend 'em?"

Result of Mr. Munsell's color lecture: Color is a sensation. "Did you ever feel blue?" A word from the baseball team: "I have felt black and blue." It is certainly adding some gray matter to what we have already.

1910

Beulah B. Lock, of the Design Class, has started on a three-months' trip to Indiana.

We note with appreciation the sketch accepted by Life from John J. Howard.

The Junior class did itself proud at the "Prom."

How would it look to have all the fellows lined up and tell the time they arrived home from the "Prom"? Gee! Pity the fellows.



GEORGE H. BARTLETT

1911

During working hours Buttimer will render his favorite selection: “If Time Was Money, I’d Be a Millionaire.” Six verses and the chorus.

Smith seems to be developing a limp—with both feet. No doubt he prefers quality to quantity; we have seen some very nice things that came done up in small packages.

PEACE?

[A protest from an exile.]

Was the cackling of the hen, to which we were useter,
Any worse than the boisterous crowing of the rooster?

No doubt it was very good of the girls to be nice to the Junior girls’ model the other morning. It was like the Good Samaritan, backwards.

1912

The Cross Movable Tea Table Club has been formed! Naturally (?) it is a secret order. The motto is: “Two’s a company, three’s a witness,” and the members are: Misses Badger, Trask, Weatherbee, Monaghan, Forbush, and Willard, Larkin, Cannan, Brennan, Parker, Randel, and Kelly.

We find there is too much Lark—n in the C—— studio.

Miss B—— (looking at auction sale posters): “These are ‘ab-normal art.’ ”

Miss F——: “You mean ‘mor-bid.’ ”

We hate to be forward and to correct our Juniors, but really, we must humbly explain that “sweetie” is a girl! And so the “fourth floor hapsodie” printed in last month’s issue is in a flat (A flat).

Miss Bartlett thinks the band music and vocal singing must be very annoying to those who want to work. Oh, no; there is a great deal in getting used to a thing, and now we thoroughly enjoy it.

Miss G—— (as she knocked down another’s drawing): “Well, that may improve it.”

Water—water everywhere, in every group. What we need is a little more atmosphere.

Since Jack has been in keeping Brewster company, his visits have been few and far between. What is it, the environment that he likes?

Teacher: “Young men, if you can’t act ladylike with those aprons on, I think you had better take them off.” (They kept them on.)



Clara P. Chase, '09

One of our exchange papers contains an article on "The Merchant of Venice." In reviewing the character of Portia, the writer touches on Shakespeare's apparent unconsciousness in portraying a modern woman, with all her powers of occupying with grace and dignity many places formerly occupied by men.

It is possible that Shakespeare's prophetic instinct engendered this perfect woman of his play with the foresight of a student of human nature. And in the great woman's movement that is one of the vital forces of to-day Portia of "The Merchant of Venice" might well stand for an ideal.

We acknowledge an interesting number of the Royal Purple, a magazine edited by a Wisconsin normal school.

Edward Howard Griggs tells in one of his lectures how nature in primitive ages reacted on human aims and development. He enlarges on the beauty of the old Norse legends and Greek mythology, and says that in them we see how man through the centuries has attempted to discover the Great Soul or God of the universe.

These people were close to nature, and their inspirations came from vast reaches of starry heavens and endless sweeps of forest and ocean. In these old days people had unspoiled imaginations, and they had time to live. The lecturer calls these old legends the best of "all true" fairy tales.

Again in a lecture by Professor Zueblin we are given a grand analysis of true culture. He says: "Culture is the habit of a mind instinct with purpose, cognizant of a tendency and connection in human achievement, able and industrious in discerning the great from the trivial. To be cultured one must not only have knowledge, but know how to use it."

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